

THEY SPEAK FREELY AGAIN

COMMENTING on the Consultative Assembly, which the French Committee of National Liberation have established in Algiers to support them in their work, Mr Eden remarked in Parliament the other day that this body had already inaugurated debates even more heated than in the House of Commons.

We are glad to hear this news, for it indicates that the peoples of Europe are again speaking freely. At Bari, on the northern shore of the Mediterranean, the first Italian Democratic Assembly has also been meeting in full freedom. Out of the enforced silence of the years men speak again.

Democracy's Main Artery

Out of grim prisons and concentration camps, from underground houses and hiding places, the men of Europe slip over the frontiers and across the sea into liberated regions and join with their friends in this new freedom of speech.

Freedom of speech has been the greatest casualty of the war. No democracy can survive without it, and the quickest way to suppress democratic beliefs is to prevent freedom of speech. It was the swiftest way Hitler could find for carrying out his purpose to kill the spirit of the free peoples. Deny them the right to speak and you cut the main artery of democratic life. That was how he argued and that was how he acted.

BUT not even in the lands where freedom of speech has been denied, since the rise of Fascism in Italy in 1923, nor in the more recent tyranny in other parts of Europe, has the right to speak finally decayed. Men have prized it in lonely places and even in prisons; at the risk of their lives they have printed leaflets and newspapers in grim underground workshops. Europe has been permeated with the valorous deeds of unknown men who in secret have kept alight their eagerness to express themselves.

Underground Heroes

When the story of Underground Europe comes to be told fully the great adventures of man's spirit will have added to them another undying story.

Men cannot finally be chained and silenced. They must speak. It is this urge to say what he thinks and believes that compels a man to do the daring things which he might otherwise not do.

It is the heroes of the underground haunts and the prisons of Europe who have carried the love of free speech in their hearts during these dark years. They have never wavered in their belief that the day would come when they could come back to speak and to speak freely.

ONE such man is Colonel Tito Zaniboni, an Italian who never gave his allegiance to Fascism. In 1926 he realised that the only hope for Italy was to remove the upstart dictator. So he plotted against Mussolini. He was betrayed and sentenced to 30 years' imprisonment. For seventeen years he has been silent on Capri. Today he is helping his countrymen to regain this precious gift of freedom of speech.

All over Europe, as the liberating armies advance, men will come out from their prisons and speak again. Many no doubt may have strange things to say. They may have found new and deep philosophies of life in their time of suffering. We must listen

to them and respect their views. Out of their energy and refreshing spirit may come the new dynamic which will give Europe a new source of life.

THESE men of the darkness have earned the right to be apostles of free speech. For years they have had to speak in whispers: now the right to speak is theirs. They have won it by resolute defiance of the tyrant, but it is also theirs because the right to speak freely belongs to every man.

It is not for us in Britain to say what kind of governments the liberated countries may adopt for themselves as the dictators fall. In our own land we have evolved a method of government which is eminently suited to our national characteristics. Government and people have developed side by side for hundreds of years. Each revolutionary change has contributed something to the supreme right of the people to govern, and to the final sovereignty of Parliament.

On the Threshold of Great Changes

Freedom of speech has always been at the heart of British democracy. It has been safeguarded at every step and in Parliament we see the supreme expression of the people's right to speak as well as to govern. We must hope that in the governments of the new Europe something of the same kind will be treasured. The new parliaments may not be exactly after our own model, but they must be free. In them the peoples must see assemblies which speak for them, assemblies which symbolise for the free peoples of Europe all their high aspirations. Above all, these parliaments must guard the peoples' right to speak for themselves.

EUROPE stands now on the threshold of immense changes. Never before has she been so long sealed up and isolated from the rest of the world. Much of what the outside world has been thinking has been unable to enter her closed doors. The books and papers, the news and the views of the rest of mankind have been forbidden entry. Many of the great artists and writers within Europe have been either killed or forbidden to work. Those who have survived must speak again, and we must listen to their tales of valour and endurance.

The Liberated Spirit of Europe

Europe must speak again because she is the treasure house of the world! She contains brilliant and lasting expressions of man's soul. Here men have thought and dreamed, worked and endured, for 3000 years. In the fields, plains, and cities of Europe the human spirit has reached some of its greatest heights. It may be that out of the years of darkness Europe will arise with renewed vigour to pour forth fresh streams for the refreshment of man's spirit. It may be that great new writers are writing, and that great artists are creating. Fresh wonders on paper, and fresh marvels in stone may come again from Europe. Once fear is dispersed, the liberated spirit of Europe will again astonish the world.

HERE in the island home of free speech we must do everything in our power to help Europe to speak freely. We must not seek to mould her peoples after our pattern, or to impose our ideas on her. Free speech is free speech everywhere. Let us re-establish freedom, and freedom of speech will follow as day follows the night.

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O For Oranges!

Oranges are plentiful in the Azores where these RAF men are seen buying from a local seller

Sherlock Holmes of Gracechurch Street

FROM far Khartoum has come a message that Mr William Crocker "has found the jewels," and another feather goes into the cap of the "Sherlock Holmes of Gracechurch Street."

Mr Crocker is not a detective by profession; he is a solicitor, and although solicitors, like doctors, shun the limelight, he could not avoid it when some years ago he brought a gang of fire-raisers to justice. He went to the Sudan at the end of last year at the request of a firm of Lloyd's underwriters to see if he could trace missing jewels worth £56,000. His ship was torpedoed in the Mediterranean, but he was unhurt, and, continuing his journey, he learned at Khartoum that the diamonds might have been in the back of an aircraft which had crashed three miles away.

Off he went to search, and sure enough turned up a few diamonds in the sand with his fingers. Thereupon he arranged a proper digging expedition, and went back to London, keeping very quiet about the whole affair. Now all the stones have been recovered.

Could not anyone else have done as much, it might be asked? After all, if William Crocker could go straight out to the scene of the crash and pick up a handful of lost diamonds almost at once, another man might have done the same? Well, somehow it doesn't work out that way with the cases in which the "Sherlock Holmes of Gracechurch Street" is called in. He has a way of his own of "discovering" jewels, criminals, or anything else he may be after.

LAUGHTER IN COPENHAGEN

COPENHAGEN provided quite a surprise for Hitler the other night. That pleasant Raadhusplads, or Town Hall Square, so wide and hospitable, with its jolly folk whom so many of us knew in peacetime, was the scene of a comedy which the Gestapo in Denmark found amusing.

Right in front of the Town Hall, from a loudspeaker hidden from prying eyes, came a highly unusual speech. Germany had lost the war, it stated, her eastern front was collapsing, and so were her cities under the Allied

assaults from the air, one after another. And then, as an appropriate finale, came the familiar strains of "Tipperary."

Long and feverish was the search made by the German Security Police, and at last, after combing all the numerous buildings in the Raadhusplads, great and small, they found the loudspeaker. But what they did not find was the people who had placed it there, nor the gramophone records of the speech and music which so entertained the appreciative Danish crowds.

President Versus Congress

FOR a few days recently the American newspapers gave more prominence to happenings in Washington than to the splendid victories that U.S. Forces were winning in the Pacific.

President Roosevelt and Congress were engaged in a conflict which appeared to be of great significance in this year when all Americans will be deciding on their next President.

What happened was that Congress refused to raise the taxes demanded by the President to meet the heavy war expenses. President Roosevelt requested Congress to raise by taxes £2,625,000,000 over and above the existing revenue. Congress, however, refused to listen, and in their Bill reduced the amount to a little over £500,000,000. President Roosevelt would have none of this reduction and refused to approve the Bill, as he had the constitutional right to do. In exercising this veto President Roosevelt described the measure as "Not a Tax Bill but a Tax Relief Bill, providing relief not for the needy but for the greedy."

Upon this the following things happened: Senator Barkley, the

leader of the Democratic Party in the Senate, resigned his leadership as a protest against the President's action, in spite of the fact that he is both a political and personal friend of the President; both Houses of Congress, the House of Representatives and the Senate, rejected the President's veto and passed the Bill again by the majority of two-thirds required under the American Constitution.

As matters stand, Congress has passed a Bill providing much less money than the Government needs. It remains to be seen how a compromise will be arrived at.

There is, of course, no doubt that Congress is as eager as the President to win the war quickly. The clash is a clash between different approaches to a common problem.

However big the sum of money needed for victory, it will be forthcoming.

Looking After the Old Folk

THE vigour and enthusiasm of many of our grandparents in these war years have proved Sir William Beveridge's aphorism, "A people ageing in years need not be old in spirit." The present apparent hold-up in the ageing of many of our friends is no doubt due to the fuller opportunities of employment and to a national interest in health.

These good factors must be maintained, especially as by 1961, mainly owing to a falling birth-rate, one in six of our total population will be over 60, if a woman, or over 65, if a man. The proportion in 1901 was one in seventeen, the total of the aged then being 2,250,000 against an estimated 8,000,000 in 1961.

Now the tragedy is that old age brings in its train the most severe form of poverty. Even in 1936 Mr. B. Seebohm Rowntree found that one-third of the old folk in York were in dire need.

Mr. Rowntree has been appointed the chairman of a Survey Committee recently set up by the Nuffield Foundation Trustees to look into the whole problem of the ageing. The Ministry of Health and the Assistance Board

are to co-operate, while a medical sub-committee is to examine the "causes and results of ageing."

It is regrettable that Lord Nuffield's Foundation did not exist 40 years ago, for then it was a matter of the greatest difficulty to obtain the passing in 1908 of the Old Age Pensions Act for poor people over 70. Only the devoted efforts of social reformers induced Parliament to overcome the fear of "pamperisation" entertained by the many who stoutly opposed the grant.

As was written in 1905 in *Riches and Poverty*, a work which emphasised the need for an Old Age Pensions Act, "We have to remember that the poor are slain by their poverty." That is now freely admitted, and the Nuffield Survey can address itself to the serious question of alleviation. If such a survey had been made in 1890 or even 1900 we might by this time have a better understanding of this problem and a more liberal conception of how to deal with it.

We must end the reproach that the battle of life in its latest stages spells defeat for so many privates in the army of work.

Help For the Disabled

THE Disabled Persons (Employment) Bill is now the law of the land, and it is good to know that its beneficent measures apply both to those suffering through the war and to those injured in the pursuits of peace. The measure compels employers to employ a quota of disabled workers, and provides for the proper training of the disabled, giving a preference to those who have served in the Forces. Sir Ian Fraser, who was blinded in the last war, called this measure the biggest single contribution towards the happiness of scores of thousands of disabled that has ever been made.

An exhibition at the Royal Academy in London gives many remarkable demonstrations of how surgery and mechanical in-

dustries have combined to restore usefulness, and the happiness that goes with it, to crippled or blinded men and women, many of them from the Services.

Speaking at the Exhibition, Mr. Bevin, the Minister of Labour, referred to the attitude of Trade Unions to such disabled people and said, "Let no Trade Union refuse to accept disabled men on some technical consideration. It is no use saying 'this man has not served his apprenticeship.' He could not because he was fighting for safety and the salvation of our liberty." To employers who gave work to the disabled he said, "Do not regard it as a burden, but as an honour that you are returning something to the men who have made a sacrifice on our behalf."

A DIPLOMATIC OCCASION

THE diplomats and pressmen in Moscow had a rare treat on Red Army Day, February 23, for they met and dined with all the greatest men in the USSR, where foreign pressmen are ranked as diplomats.

Old-fashioned ambassadors and ministers may not relish this idea, which is not yet followed elsewhere. But if the advice of the great British and American journalists who were reporting Hitler's plans for world conquest had been heeded, the Nazis might not have progressed so far along the road of universal destruction.

So in Moscow the other day the newspapermen rubbed shoulders with the lordly ones of the Foreign Offices, and perhaps it was an excellent thing for both parties. Mr. Molotov certainly treated the foreign journalists as the equals of the diplomats, exchanging toasts with them in high spirits. Later on, a Red Army general joined with the four finest singers in Russia, and sang the songs of his great country in harmony with them. Soon everyone was singing together—all the other Red generals, all the artists present, all the journalists, yes, and even the ambassadors and ministers!

CALLING UP THE RESERVED

More men being required for the armed forces and for the coal mines, the Ministry of Labour has decided to cancel exemptions from national service of thousands of those who follow reserved occupations.

Young men will be called up to be examined for their suitability for the coal industry, and if found physically capable they will be directed to the mines.

A further search for women will accompany this call-up of men. If a woman or an older man can be fitted into a reserved occupation, the young man engaged in it will be conscribed.

London's New Concert Hall

Sir Henry Wood has decided that all the proceeds of the concert held at the Albert Hall on March 4 will go toward the building of a new concert hall for London. The Henry Wood Proms Jubilee Fund, together with the proceeds from various concerts throughout the country and from other events celebrating Sir Henry Wood's birthday, will go to this good cause.

May Sir Henry live to conduct the first concert performed in this, his hall of dreams.

A Plastics' Pioneer

Almost everyone has heard of Bakelite, for it is universally used in countless ways, from knife-handles to drinking tumblers. Comparatively few, perhaps, know that its name is derived from its inventor, Leo Hendrik Baekeland.

Dr. Baekeland, who recently died in New York at the age of 80, was a Belgian long settled in America. A great scientist and an authority in photochemistry and electrochemistry, he had devoted many years to research in synthetic resins and plastics, and indeed will be remembered as a great pioneer of plastics.

Little News Reels

SHIPMENTS of U.S. Lend-Lease to Russia during 1943 totalled 5,400,000 tons compared with 2,800,000 tons in 1942.

Russia's armistice terms for Finland have been made known. They do not include unconditional surrender.

An earthenware jug containing 96 gold coins of the nineteenth century has been unearthed in a Berkshire village garden.

The Admiralty are anxious to get into touch with people willing to loan or sell marine box chronometers for ships.

The George Cross will be pictured in Malta's new coat-of-arms.

Russia is issuing sets of stamps to commemorate the heroic defence of Stalingrad, Leningrad, Odessa, and Sebastopol.

On British railways 993 railway carriages have been converted for ambulance trains.

A hamper of almonds, dates, peaches, sultanas, sweets, bananas, chocolates, lemons, muscatels, and figs has been received by an English mother from her son in North Africa.

Italian warships have already escorted many millions of tons of Allied shipping in the Mediterranean and the Atlantic.

Hollywood and Los Angeles have had their first snowstorms since 1932.

Youth News Reel

By making toys and doing odd jobs Bromborough (Lancs) Scouts have raised £50 for the Red Cross Prisoners of War Fund.

Rover Scout Jeffrey De Laet, now serving with the Forces in Nigeria, writes that he is at present living in an African bush hut, built entirely of bamboo and palm leaves held together by square and diagonal lashings, a pioneer job he learnt in his Scout troop.

10,000 magazines for the armed forces were recently collected in one afternoon by the Boy Scouts of Quebec.

Nearly all the important islands off the coast of Yugo-Slavia are in the hands of the Partisans.

Moon Messenger, a devotional monthly published by the National Institute for the Blind, will reach its hundredth number with the next issue.

DERBYSHIRE County Council have decided that in future all their meetings shall be opened by prayer.

At a recent sale four £1 blue-green stamps issued in Britain in 1913 were sold for £65.

Mineworkers throughout the country have up to date contributed £280,000 to the Red Cross Penny-a-Week Fund.

The Registrar-General records that from July 1940, to December 1943, 1,700,000 people lost their identity cards.

Last season 1659 Women's Institutes made 514 tons of jam and preserves from surplus fruit, 16 tons going to feeding centres and schools. Shropshire headed the list with a production of 96,000 lbs.

The Prime Minister's son, Captain Randolph Churchill, has been with General Tito in Yugo-Slavia. He landed there by parachute.

A submarine which arrived home recently brought a reindeer given to the crew by people in a Russian seaport. It is now in a Scottish Zoo.

Over £221 has been contributed to the B-P Memorial Fund by Scouts of the 1st Whitehaven (Cumberland) Troop. This Fund, which is being raised to build a house in memory of the founder of the Scout Movement, has now reached £116,712.

Boys Brigade H.Q. asks officers to encourage N.C.O.s to take charge of training the boys for their annual displays which close the winter session.

The Air Training Corps has given glider training to 15,000 of its cadets without a single serious accident.

They Delved Into the Past

WITH the passing of Mr. J. Reid Moir and Mr. S. E. Winbolt, within a few days of each other, England has lost two of its most distinguished and most diligent antiquarians.

Samuel Winbolt, who was educated at Christ's Hospital and spent most of his later years there as a master, was the author of many books on English literature and other educational works. But he was chiefly known for his painstaking exploration of Roman Britain, particularly in Sussex and Kent, where his devoted research led him to many important discoveries.

James Reid Moir, F.R.S., who contributed to our columns on several occasions, was an archaeologist who made a special study of flint implements and their relation to man's antiquity. Educated at Ipswich and associated with East Anglia all his life, he made many of his discoveries below the Red Crag of Suffolk and the Cromer forest bed of Norfolk, and published important works on his findings.

Reid Moir's researches led to a much earlier dating of man's origin, and he himself believed that flint implements were first made some two million years ago.

LORD WOOLTON AND EMPLOYMENT

IN a cheerful speech, Lord Woolton, now Minister of Reconstruction, said that "We are not seeking schemes to deal with unemployment. We are preparing to prevent it, and both in our home economy and our international relations this matter is in the forefront of our deliberations."

This was well said, for it is our plain duty not to prepare to deal with a shortage of work, but to prepare schemes of development which will call upon labour

in peace as it has been called upon in war to construct munitions.

As Lord Woolton puts it: "We shall not be able to afford to have people not working."

In a special reference to housing, he mentioned that part of the urgent demand for homes will have to be met by factory-made houses, publicly owned and licensed for a short time only. As labour becomes available they will give place to permanent houses.

The Children's Newspaper, March 11, 1944

3

7000 West Africans Leave Home FROM H M S WILLING

WHEN 7000 natives of West Africa had to leave their homes some little time ago, it was for much the same reason that our own villagers in various parts of Great Britain have been moved. Our villagers had to make room for a battle-exercise ground for the Second Front, and the West Africans had to make room for new airfields.

Lord Swinton has recently told the story in Cape Town of the thirty new airfields which British engineers have constructed for war purposes in West Africa. They can take the

largest planes in the world, and will be ready when peace comes for the immense extension of civil aviation.

The West African natives have done fine work in this airfield development. Even women and children helped, and they made up a special little song of their own as they hammered palm kernels with stones in the course of their work. "We're knocking Hitler's head off," was the refrain. As for the 7000 displaced villagers, they had but one complaint—they had to leave behind their sacred crocodiles.

The service canteen of a crowded Glasgow railway station was under-staffed one day recently, and the manageress was at her wits' end to know how to keep it running. It was then that four sailors volunteered to help.

Their offer was gratefully accepted, and four jolly tars hopped over the counter and set to work with a will. One did some cooking, another washed dishes, a third dried them, and a fourth gathered up used crockery. In no time the canteen was running smoothly, for there's no handyman like a sailor.

Rural Thrift of Other Days

A COUNTRY grannie, recalling days of her childhood, doubts whether, with all our notions of thrift, we are really more ingenious in economy than were the rural folk of her earlier years.

She and her brothers and sisters used to glean corn. What became of it? It was put into a sack, which was heartily beaten, and the grain freed from the ear. In order to separate the grain from the chaff the whole was then turned out on a sheet on a bedroom floor cleared for the purpose, and there a great pair of old bellows was brought to blow-

ing. The corn was taken to the village mill, and was brought home in the form of flour, carried in pillow-slips!

The chief pride of the villagers, however, was the yearly remaking of their beds and pillows. When oats were being threshed, the chaff was begged or cheaply bought. This, beautifully soft and clean, was used to fill the canvas of bed and pillows, and the old chaff, rather dusty and pulverised after a year's wear, was burnt. No modern spring bed, no feather-bed, says our informant, was so soft, sweet, and luxurious as those beds of oat-chaff!

DAYLIGHT, DUST, AND GERMS

Not only sunlight, but ordinary winter daylight filtering through glass has the power to kill germs floating in dust.

Professor Lawrence P. Garrod, the bacteriologist of St Bartholomew's Hospital, has claimed in the British Medical Journal that he has discovered this important fact by experiment.

In the hospital where experiments were made, the worst infected wards were on the ground floor, especially where the windows had been bricked up against blast. In these wards the percentage of floor dust containing live germs was 72 against only 18 on the well-lighted first floor, while dust on or close to windows (even those facing north) never contained live germs.

The experiments continue.

JUNGLE RADIO

The Australian Broadcasting Commission will soon be opening a radio station in New Guinea. Australians fighting in the steaming jungles will have as recreation programmes of sport, music, news, and talks from the Commonwealth, and also relayed BBC broadcasts from both Britain and the European battlefronts.

FACTORY PADRES

Works' padres from Sheffield churches of many denominations, most of them veterans of the Christian Commando campaign in the city last year, have plans to continue their work in the city's factories after the war.

The enthusiasm which has greeted them, several ministers told the C.N., fully warrants the continuation of regular visits, but the chaplains still hold to their original stipulation—that they will not go where they are not invited.

A new team of padres from several denominations will soon be joining the others. They are being taught the technique by a training course organised by a committee under the Bishop of Sheffield (Dr L. S. Hunter) and the Revd William Wallace, superintendent of Sheffield Methodist Mission.

A Night in a Sty

ONE of our airmen baled out over Germany and, having hidden by day, ventured at night to cross a frontier into friendly but still enemy-occupied territory. Creeping towards a low building he groped his way in. He heard a grunt, too loud and deep even for a German, and speedily found that it came from a real pig; he had stumbled into a pigsty.

The Englishman reflected that its presence implied Germans still being in the neighbourhood.



On a Surrey Farm

The Women's Land Army has begun its spring offensive, preparing the land for what we hope will be bumper crops. Here some girls are seen loading manure on a Surrey farm.

Proud Record

Another entry has been made in the proud records of the ancient Liberty of Romney Marsh, for there has been no conviction for drunkenness in the district for 28 years.

The Liberty is an area of the Marsh, lying between the Romney-Appledore railway and Hythe, bounded by the Military Canal on one side and the sea on the other. It comprises a number of villages and hamlets, the largest being Dymchurch, and has six public-houses, four beer-houses, and a licensed club.

With the reconstitution of local government the functions of the Corporation of the Liberty have dwindled, until its only power now is the election of magistrates.

WORKERS FIRST

From a Correspondent

The bus in which I was travelling drew up beside a busy colliery. The "day-shift" had just ceased work, and consequently there was a long queue of miners. With coal-dust and sweat still on their faces, they were desperately anxious to get home. They jostled and pushed in their anxiety to get on.

However, before allowing them to enter, the cheery, red-headed conductress, with a twinkle in her eye, glanced down the row of tired men and said, "Workers first, please."

At this, the grimy, tired faces twisted into a grin, someone laughed, and with renewed cheerfulness the miners trotted happily into the waiting bus.

A Day's Work!

A wonderful old lady arrives, each morning at the WVS headquarters in Tothill Street, Westminster. She is 83, but she puts in a full day's work, for she is in charge of the newspaper cuttings department.

She has to sort about 300 cuttings, allot each of the 14 regions of the WVS its appropriate news items, paste them up, and send them off. And, because this splendid lady thinks her WVS job is not enough, she is active on various committees, and fills up her "spare time" knitting for the Forces. Hers is the dauntless spirit finding dignity and joy in the common task well done.

The Family Spirit

THE spirit that draws together the widely scattered parts of the British Empire is one of friendly co-operation, and this spirit is helping to solve the problems of Colonial development and welfare.

British Guiana, for instance, is developing its agriculture and farming with the help of both Canada, the nearest, British Dominion, and Britain herself. Britain is helping the colony with large money grants for the drainage and irrigation of

swamp-land for rice cultivation, for the control of yellow fever, and for other essential improvements. At the same time British Guiana is building up its pig production, entirely from first-class Canadian stock, and with Canadian expert advice. In the same way, Canadian poultry strains and Canadian incubator hatches, are helping to improve poultry-farming in British Guiana, and imported Canadian dairy equivalent is helping the colony's dairy farming.

FLY-IT-YOURSELF

America now has a Fly-It-Yourself Association with branches in every large city, and its president states that every light plane manufacturer in the country has been approached, and that many are enthusiastic about it.

Thousands of returning flyers are going to take advantage of the establishment of a national fly-it-yourself network. It is believed by some that the fly-it-yourself plane will come into widespread use, that it will become cheap, and that the cost of hiring one will be little more than the cost of hiring a car.

BOYS FOR FARMS

The Minister of Agriculture, Mr R. S. Hudson, has planned to ease farm labour problems by training a thousand boys for permanent careers on the land. Strong, healthy boys with enthusiasm for farm life will receive eight to twelve weeks training at hostels in different districts.

The Y.M.C.A. is in charge of the scheme and will receive a grant of £16 for every boy who is trained and placed.

THE NEW POOH BAH

Sixty years ago Sir W. S. Gilbert was writing that immortal comic opera, The Mikado. Today one of his characters seems to have come to life.

Pooh Bah of the opera is prime minister, lord chief justice, commander-in-chief, lord high admiral, archbishop of Titipu, and several other officials all in one. Now Tojo, the Japanese Prime Minister, who was already Minister for War, Minister for Education, and Minister for Industry and Commerce, has added a new office to his already staggering burden. Having dismissed the Japanese Chief of the Army General Staff, he has appointed himself as successor.

Mussolini anticipated the Japanese Premier in absorbing all the chief offices of the Italian state, and we know what happened to him.

AIRMEN FROM SOUTH AFRICA

One of South Africa's main contributions to victory has been the training of Allied air-crews. Although the Commonwealth Air Training Plan has been mainly a Canadian effort, many young airmen have won their wings in Rhodesia and the Union.

Under the British-South African scheme more than 5000 pilots have been trained, as well as about 5000 observers, 2000 bomb-aimers, and air-gunners.

The EDITOR'S TABLE

WAYSIDE FRUIT

WHY not plant fruit trees along our roadsides?

It is one of the suggestions made for improving our important new roads, and it is pointed out that in a number of cases on the Continent the planting of fruit trees has been found to be very successful. Their verdure harmonises with existing vegetation, and it is generally found that the fruit trees are respected by the public, so that a harvest is taken by the local authority.

Certainly the experiment is worth making here.

Free Medicine For Australia

THE Australian Federal Government has just introduced a Pharmaceutical Benefits Bill which provides that any citizen can have a doctor's prescription dispensed free, the Government paying the cost.

The free medicines are to include insulin, anti-toxins, and penicillin when it is available; a number of medical appliances and materials can also be obtained free. The chemists will be paid the cost of the materials used to carry out the prescription and, in addition, a dispensing fee and an allowance for profit. The average payment for each prescription is expected to work out at 2s 2d.

This Australian measure is of special interest today in view of our Government's White Paper on a free national health service.

War Camps Into Boarding Schools

DURING the debate on the Education Bill an amendment was passed that education authorities should consider the provision of boarding accommodation for pupils for whom such education was desirable.

Viscountess Davidson suggested that military camps might be converted into boarding schools after the war.

No doubt, this could be a useful subject of experiment by education authorities.

Workers Should Understand Their Trades

It is good to learn from the Chairman of the Cotton Board that the efforts already made in Lancashire to help cotton operatives to understand the industry in which they are engaged, are to be continued. Originally they were designed to stimulate wartime output, but as in so many other cases such enterprise will be effective also when peace comes.

What the Cotton Board did nearly two years ago was to establish mobile exhibition vans, illustrating Lancashire's enterprise. It also has exhibition rooms in Manchester where larger displays are possible, illustrating colour, design, and style, and the general organisation of the great industry. Several of the cotton towns have supported exhibitions in their town halls; and two films have been shown and others are contemplated. Cotton workers have shown so much keen interest in the various exhibitions that it is now agreed that similar efforts should be made when the war ends.

BOYS AND THE SEA

LORD ROMNEY, presiding at the annual court of governors of the Marine Society, said that 340 boys had been helped to undergo sea training during the year, and that 223 of them had actually gone to sea.

The Society, founded in 1756, formerly trained necessitous lads on the famous Warspite for service in the Royal Navy and the Merchant Service, but now it awards scholarships and bursaries enabling boys to join other training ships. Lord Romney expressed regret that the Society could not take full advantage of all the wonderful material available. They had nearly 10,000 applicants last year, and he thought they would presently meet with an abnormal demand for seamen.

It is clear that the love of British boys for the sea is undiminished.

JUST AN IDEA

Directions for reaching Heaven may be expressed briefly thus: First turn to the right and keep straight on.

The Chairman of the Cotton Board, Mr E. Raymond Streat, says that it seems strange that it has never before been thought of importance to inform, say, the operative in the spinning mill, of the full story of cotton from the growing of the crop to the way in which the spun yarn is later transformed into cloth of great usefulness or remarkable beauty.

He considers it most desirable that workers should share with managements a knowledge of what happens to their products, and that they should have sufficient information to follow intelligently the exciting possibilities for all which are likely to be opened up by scientific research. He is confident that it will be the intention in Lancashire to continue the work in this field initiated by the wartime Cotton Board.

Mr Streat is one with many other enlightened manufacturers, such as Mr Courtauld, in helping workmen to feel themselves trusted partners in industry. That way lies industrial harmony.

Our Food After the War

SIR JOHN RUSSELL, the agricultural expert who is head of the inter-Allied committee for agricultural rehabilitation in Europe, points out that after the war Britain will still need to import at least one-half of its foods. Speaking in London the other day, he said that our national policy would require an increased production of milk, meat, eggs, poultry, soft fruit, and vegetables. Food production must be determined by human needs, not by the movement of prices.

He thought that the butter we imported before the war from eastern Europe should be kept for themselves by the people who produced it.

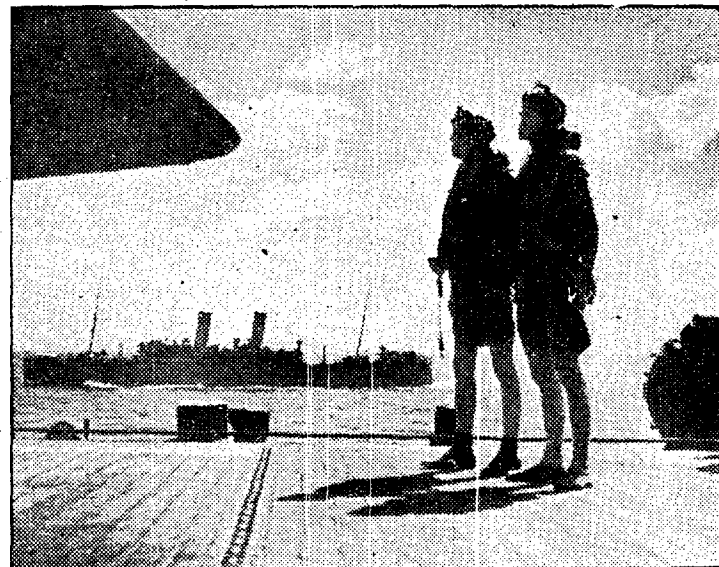
It seems to us a very great pity that the nations do not, by close study of each other's methods and by co-operation in using them, help each other in the all-important matter of food supply, and in other matters.

GOD'S HERALDS

By The Pilgrim

WE paused by the garden wall to admire her daffodils, hundreds of them crowded together under tall trees in a corner between the lawn and the house. What a sight they were that sunny afternoon!

"I'm glad you like them," said the little old lady who, with gloves on her hands, was kneeling by a flower-bed. "I think they are my favourite flower, though, of course, I love them all. Have you ever thought what a parable a daffodil is? I mean, it has a trumpet, proclaiming the approach of spring. And it has a golden star to lead our thoughts to higher things. God's heralds, that is how I think of daffodils."



Waiting For the Take-Off

Swordfish pilots waiting to take off for an anti-submarine patrol from the deck of the escort-carrier HMS Battler. In the background is a ship of the convoy.

NAME THIS, PLEASE

WE all know how military and diplomatic members of the British missions to Russia have found warm friends in their opposite numbers there. What of the ordinary people? Good relations between them is of high importance, for it is they who, when the war ends, may be in closest contact.

Glowing accounts of the hearty kindness of ordinary Russians reaches us from a ship's officer who has been staying at a certain Russian port. His stay was protracted beyond expectation, and provisions hardly sufficed. Consequently, to satisfy the appetites that so rigorous a climate created, the few Russians on shore with whom contact was made shared their scanty supplies with eager generosity. Moreover, they also showed the

utmost anxiety to know all about their new friends, to teach them Russian, and to learn English. This was not easy in the short spells of leisure that work on the delayed ship permitted. One Russian, however, acquired an immense extension of his English vocabulary. Inviting the officer to his house, he showed him all his possessions, telling him the name of each in Russian, learning its English title, and repeating the words till he was perfect in knowledge and memory of the subject.

"Fine fellows, these Russians!" was the verdict of the temporarily marooned Britons. The Russians proved, perhaps, the better scholars in acquiring the names of things; but then they are born linguists, whereas we are supposed to be the world's worst.

March For Savings

MR ERIC COATES has just composed the Salute the Soldier march, at the request of the National Savings Committee, to be used in the Salute the Soldier campaigns.

Although he had said he would not write another march, he has composed this one, which will rival in popularity his other great marches, including Over to You, Calling all Workers, and one of his best-known, the Knightsbridge march.

Characteristically Mr Coates is giving his royalties from this new march to the Army Benevolent Fund.

Though he has identified London so closely with his music, Eric Coates was born at Hucknall, Notts, and there he spent

what he describes as the happiest childhood any man ever had.

Mr Coates was a frequent visitor to Hucknall before the war, and in 1938 opened the carnival there, conducting a massed band—many of them colliers. One old patient of his father, a doctor, was bedridden and grieving because he could not go to the carnival, so Mr Coates visited him. The bedridden man's eyes brightened. "I was disappointed at not going to the carnival," he said, "and now the carnival's come to me."

London's Salute the Soldier week will be from March 25 to April 1, with a target of £165,000,000, and other "weeks" will be held throughout the country until the end of July.

MYSTERY OF 300 MILLION FARTHINGS

ABOUT 300 million farthings have disappeared since 1860, and nobody knows what has become of them.

The Royal Mint stopped making pennies in 1940, for the copper was needed for munitions. Farthings, however, continued to be minted, as there was no other coin to replace them, and 250 million are still in circulation out of the 550 million which

have been minted in the past 84 years.

It is a remarkable fact that when pennies and halfpennies and silver coins of the 1870's turn up, which is rarely, they are thin and worn, with their design and inscriptions undecipherable, but farthings of the same period are in first-rate condition very often, little worn by their rolling journey.

Under the Editor's Table

A TRAVELLER says there is no spring in the jungle. Except the tiger's.

A GROCER told some of his customers they had had all their jam ration. Gave them a nasty jar.

A MAN says he likes to dabble in poetry. Never finds it dry.

CAKES are coming down. But they rise in the oven.

LAND girls prefer short If wearing shoes hair. Good crops. is a foot rule

Peter Puck Wants to Know



EAT plenty of greens and keep cheerful. And avoid having the blues.

THERE are heavy demands for alarm clocks. From heavy sleepers.

THERE is overlapping in the delivery of milk. Blame the cat.

THE new Army recruit always feels a miff. But soon gets his hand in.

BIRDS have a free life.

But are not without their bills.

MONEY & THE CHURCH

UNLESS new resources can be provided for it, the Church of England will soon be faced with a serious problem. Such is the tenor of a recent report by a special Financial Commission, which points out that the Church is today living largely on the endowments of the past.

Of the clergy 75 per cent are underpaid; 20 per cent receive adequate pay, and five per cent are overpaid.

Out of the 12,000 or so benefices in England 5000 have incomes well under £400 a year, and 1500 between £600 and £2000. These benefices range from the tiniest village to the largest city parishes. The great body of clergy in England are on the whole hardworking and devoted men who put a brave face on difficult conditions. Generally speaking, ministers of religion have not had a wartime increase in salary.

The clergy of the Church of England are not paid by the State, as is so often assumed. The endowments of the Church belong to it independently from past gifts, the chief finances being centred in two great corporations—the Ecclesiastical Commission and Queen Anne's Bounty.

In 1941 the Commissioners had a total income of £3,723,370, which came from big estates in London, coal-mines, and investments and agricultural estates.

Of this big sum £2,598,776 went to pay the bishops, deans, and canons in cathedral chapters, vicars, rectors, and curates. The bishops appear to receive very high salaries, but it must be remembered that the actual cash they receive for personal use is comparatively small.

From the remaining one-third of their income the Ecclesiastical Commissioners usually set aside £350,000 for grants to the poorer paid clergy. They also help the clergy to pay their contributions under the War Damage Act on large parsonage houses and land attached.

Since the war began the Commissioners have also come to the help of many clergy, curates, and lay workers in the church by special grants each year, gifts of not more than £20 having been distributed to help needy cases. £90,000 a year has been distributed in this way.

What is now known as Queen Anne's Bounty was established by Queen Anne in 1704. It

amounted to £17,000 a year, part of her personal income.

Queen Anne's Bounty pays over £180,000 a year for repair of worn church buildings. It tries to sell over-large vicarages and helps the vicar to get a smaller and more modern one. If repairs have to be done the Bounty may give a grant, or if the path has to be remade, or the drains overhauled, or a new range put in the kitchen, Queen Anne's past generosity may be called on. The vicar's wife is the first to remember that Queen Anne is not dead!

Up to 1936 many clergymen received an income from tithe charges on farms and property in their parish. The paying of tithe having proved an unsatisfactory method in modern days, a Tithe Redemption Scheme was introduced. Under this final payments on tithes are now being collected and will eventually amount to over £50,000,000. From the income derived from this great sum Queen Anne's Bounty will pay £1,500,000 a year to the clergy.

The Scheme, however, means a loss to the Church of over £300,000 a year, and this in times of high costs and heavy taxation. It means, in effect, 24 per cent loss of income to many clergymen, but they recognise that the "old tithes" were unsatisfactory, and they are anxious for the Church to be rid of a burden of criticism and misunderstanding.

Two other factors which affect the finances of the Church must be remembered. The new Education Bill demands that many Church schools must be rebuilt at an enormous cost, and a large number of churches must be built in new areas.

These problems seem overwhelming until it is remembered that the Church of England is living largely on the endowments of the past. The great cathedrals, the old churches, and all the equipment of the Church are greatly dependent on what people in past days have done. Is it too much to expect that modern people in the twentieth century will be as generous to the Church?

necklaces of red shell discs. Later on corresponding calls will be made on them and they will make return presents. The same objects are used all the time in these exchanges. They pass constantly from hand to hand. No one man keeps any for long, but the whereabouts of the most valuable are always known, and the men who have them have great glory for the time being, rather like the holders of challenge cups.

There is great competition between the crews of the different canoes to see who will bring back the best haul. No underhand methods like bribery are allowed, but magic spells are chanted over both canoes and crews to make them successful, and their adventures are the chief talk of the village till the time for a new voyage comes round.

CARRY ON

A Recipe For Conversation

THERE must, in the first place, be knowledge, there must be materials. In the second place there must be a command of words. In the third place there must be imagination, to place things in such views as they are not commonly seen in. In the fourth place there must be presence of mind, and a resolution that is not to be overcome by failure. This last is an essential requisite; for want of it many people do not excel in conversation. Now I want it; I throw up the game upon losing a trick.

Dr Johnson

SPRING, THE SWEET SPRING

SPRING, the sweet Spring, is the year's pleasant king; Then blooms each thing, then maids dance in a ring, Cold doth not sting, the pretty birds do sing, Cuckoo, jug, jug, pu we, to witta woo.

The palm and may make country houses gay, Lambs frisk and play, the shepherds pipe all day, And we hear aye birds tune this merry lay, Cuckoo, jug, jug, pu we, to witta woo.

The fields breathe sweet, the daisies kiss our feet, Young lovers meet, old wives a-sunning sit, In every street these tunes our ears do greet, Cuckoo, jug, jug, pu we, to witta woo. Spring, the sweet Spring!

Thomas Nash

The Power of Man

IF selfishness can be overcome, the power within the grasp of man is past all measuring. It can open the gates of the millennium. It can sweep ignorance and disease and poverty from the planet and make this Earth a realm of bliss. It will be done; it is to that goal we are marching on. It will be done when those great allies, Science and Society, set out upon that partnership to which all things are tending. It will be done when governments and men together seek first the kingdom of God in the faith that other things will be added unto them.

Arthur Mee

MARCH SUNSHINE

A WARM March day, just that! Just so much sunshine as the cottage child Basks in delighted, while the cottager Takes off his bonnet, as he ceases work, To catch the more of it.

Robert Browning

The Tenor of Life

IT is not the large or small number of his cares that makes man's life troubled or calm; it is the righteousness or unrighteousness of what he does.

Plutarch

On Visiting Cowper's Garden

ARE these the trees? Is this the place? These roses, did they bloom for him? Trod he these walks with thoughtful pace? Passed he amid these borders trim?

Is this the bower?—a humble shed Methinks it seems for such a guest! Why rise not column, dome be-spread, By art's elaborate fingers dressed?

Art waits on wealth; there let her roam— Her fabrics rear, her temples gild; But Genius, where he seeks a home, Must send for Nature's self to build.

This quiet garden's humble bound. This homely roof, this rustic fane, With playful tendrils twining round, And woodbines peeping at the pane;

That tranquil, tender sky of blue, Where clouds of golden radiance skim, Those ranging trees of varied hue, These were the sights that solaced him.

They tell us here he thought and wrote, On this low seat, reclining thus; Ye garden breezes, as ye float Why bear ye no such thoughts to us?

Perhaps the balmy air was fraught With breath of heaven; or did he toil In precious mines of sparkling thought Concealed beneath the curious soil?

Did zephyrs bear on golden wings Rich treasures from the honeyed dew? Or are there here celestial springs Of living waters, whence he drew?

And here he suffered! this recess, Where even Nature failed to cheer, Has witnessed oft his deep distress, And precious drops have fallen here!

Here are no richly sculptured urns The consecrated dust to cover; But Nature smiles and weeps, by turns, In memory of her fondest lover.

Jane Taylor

Thoreau Sees the Coming of Spring

ONE attraction in coming to the woods to live was that I should have leisure and opportunity to see the spring come in. The ice in the pond at length begins to be honey-combed, and I can set my heel in it as I walk.

Fogs and rains and warmer suns are gradually melting the snow; the days have grown sensibly longer; and I see how I shall get through the winter without adding to my wood-pile, for large fires are no longer necessary. I am on the alert for the first signs of spring, to hear the chance note of some arriving bird, or the striped squirrel's chirp, for his stores must be now nearly exhausted, or see the woodchuck venture out of his winter quarters. On the 13th of March, after I had heard the bluebird, song-sparrow, and red-

wing, the ice was still nearly a foot thick.

As the weather grew warmer it was not sensibly worn away by the water, nor broken up and floated off as in rivers, but, though it was completely melted for half a rod in width about the shore, the middle was merely honey-combed and saturated with water, so that you could put your foot through it when six inches thick; but by the next day evening, perhaps, after a warm rain followed by fog, it would have wholly disappeared, all gone off with the fog, spirited away.

What God Knows of Us

REPUTATION is what men and women think of us. Character is what God and the angels know of us.

Thomas Paine



THIS ENGLAND Hill Top Farm, the Lakeland home of Beatrix Potter, creator of Peter Rabbit

Pacific Argonauts

NOW that the south-eastern tip of New Guinea and the islands to the east of it are no longer a theatre of war, the peoples of those regions are repairing and repainting their canoes, and perhaps even building new ones, for the voyages that make up so much of their lives. There is a brisk trade between the different islands, since each has something the others lack—greenstone axe blades, carved ebony, food, clay pots. But the most important object of their journeys is not trade at all.

Every few years the leading men of a group of villages sail, each in his canoe, to a number of fixed points in the neighbouring islands, and at each one solemnly land, call upon their friends there and receive from them gifts in the form of native valuables, white shell armlets or

As in Caesar's Time

HISTORY is repeating itself, with a difference, and in reverse. The Allied chiefs planning the coming invasion of the European mainland face problems such as taxed Julius Caesar when he came from the European mainland to invade Britain.

Caesar had to transport cavalry as well as men variously armed; we have to take tanks, great guns, and a multitude of machines and vehicles of various types and sizes. Caesar, facing rough waters for the first time, built his transports broader and lower in the water so that they might be grounded on open beaches. We have had to adopt a similar scheme for our own weight-supporting craft, from which will issue cargoes a thousandfold more wonderful than anything in the Roman vessels. We, too, will doubtless have some open beaches to face for our landing.

Caesar knew nothing of Britain. As he wrote, he "could learn neither what was the size of the island, nor what or how numerous were the nations which inhabited it, nor what system of war they followed, nor what customs they used, nor what harbours were convenient for a great number of ships." We are less ill-informed, but the Germans, with their boast of secret weapons, hope that we, in turn, are as devoid of information as Caesar was.

Caesar sailed from Boulogne with 80 transports and some war galleys, with some 10,000 veteran warriors, while a further 18 ships, bearing 500 cavalry, were to follow from a port a few miles away. By one of the hazards of the sea the cavalry did not arrive; storms blew them back to Gaul. Making his landing near Deal, Caesar experienced fortune such as befell our

forces at Salerno, at Anzio, and in the Pacific. The shore proved difficult for landing, and the Britons attacked the legionaries as they floundered shoulder-high in the water. Caesar called up his warships, the galleys whose archers and slingers—the artillery of that age—from close inshore drove the defenders back, as did our naval guns and warplanes during the crises of the Salerno and Anzio battles.

One of our chief anxieties will be the tides and shifting sands of the landing-beaches on which, somewhere between Norway and Spain, our men and material may have to be disembarked until we win ports. High seas and tempest wrecked a number of Caesar's ships as they lay on shore unguarded against the swell of waters heaped up by a full-moon tide.

It was not until his second attempt in the following year that Caesar gained access to the heart of Britain; but we, in our incomparably greater effort, will have to do in a few days what it took Caesar two expeditions to achieve. And, for all the marvels of our inventions and highly organised skill, the winds, the tides, and the shift of treacherous sands and bars are challenges that persist down the ages.

The greater the difficulties, the greater the glory in overcoming them. We know more than Caesar knew, and have a nobler cause than his to inspire us to the highest efforts of which our blood is capable.

THE FAMILY'S FOOD

To measure the cost of food by the Ministry of Labour's Food Price Index is not closely to be relied upon. That index gives us the movement of living expenditure as measured by what it costs now to buy the food purchased by a working-class family before the war.

Our chief rations are assisted by Government subsidies, which means we are able to buy them for much less than their cost. When it comes to food rationed by points, however, the rise in the cost of living on this account is considerably higher as a whole, unless a family is content to limit its purchases to those articles whose cost is partly borne by the Government out of Government funds.

According to the Oxford Institute of Statistics, the increase in a family outlay on food is 35 per cent when account is taken of its expenditure on "points" and the more expensive vegetables and fruits; but the Ministry of Labour figure, concerned only with foods that are subsidised, is 6 per cent.

We can hardly expect a housewife to buy only the rationed foods whose prices are partly met by a subsidy.

Stamp Souvenir of Two Wars

A new stamp which has lately reached this country is of special interest to collectors.

It is a twopenny stamp issued by the Southern Rhodesian Post Office last November to commemorate the fiftieth anniversary of the occupation of Lobengula's kraal at Bulawayo on November 4, 1893.

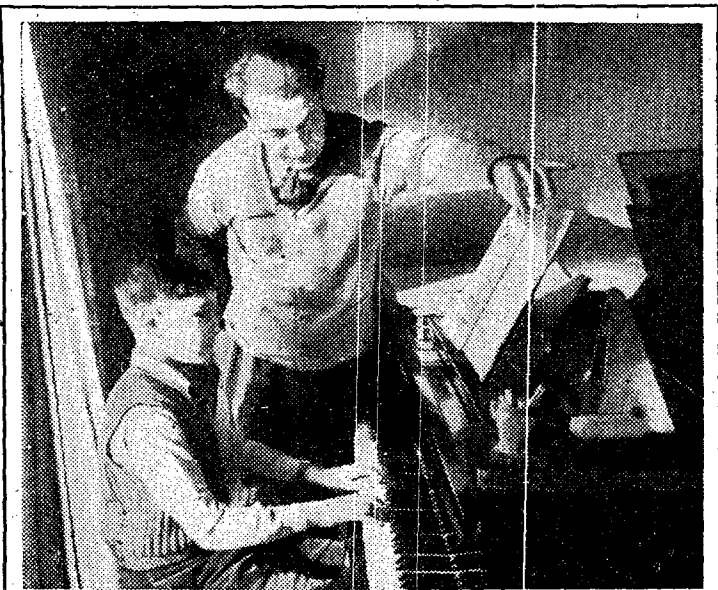
The subject of the stamp design is a trooper of the British South African Police, a force which was engaged in the campaign against Lobengula. Always before the stamps of Southern Rhodesia have been printed in England, but owing to the present war this new issue has been produced by the South African Union government printer in Pretoria, the paper being the same as that used for South African stamps, with the familiar "springbok's head" watermark. For this reason the new stamp may be regarded as a memento of two wars—the "little war" of fifty years ago, and the Second World War.



LA! LA! SHANGRI-LA

After the American raid on Tokyo from the aircraft-carrier Hornet, President Roosevelt was asked by reporters where the bombers had flown from. He replied with a joke: "Shangri-la"—the name of the mythical Tibetan city in the film *The Lost Horizon*.

But Mr Roosevelt's wisecrack was based on something more tangible. A few weeks ago the 27,500-ton aircraft-carrier *Shangri-la*, which took 750,000 man-days to build, was launched at Norfolk, Virginia. The ship was christened by the wife of General James Doolittle, who led the carrier-based Mitchells over Tokyo.



Father and Son

Benno Moiseiwitsch, the famous pianist, gives a little tuition to his son Boris at their home at Ashridge Park

ENOUGH TO MAKE A CAT LAUGH

It is just like a cat to confound the teaching of philosophy, writes a C N nature correspondent. Over two thousand years ago Aristotle declared, "Laughter is better than tears, for it is a speciality of Man." Recently a cat has been seen to falsify the statement completely.

Near the cat's home lives a big black dog, which, since its puppy days, has been ruled by the cat. When the dog began to run at large about the road the cat would not have it near its own home, so again and again there was seen the astonishing sight of a great yelping dog being chased by the spoilt darling of a drawing-room. If ever a dog suffered from an inferiority complex it is this big bouncing animal when in the presence of the terrifying cat. With its whining victim pursued out of sight, the cat turns for home with every evidence of intense enjoyment of a huge joke.

Recently its mistress, hearing outside her tradesmen's door a sound as of a child crying, looked out of a window, and this is what she saw: The big dog, having come to scrounge, as our soldiers say, had been literally cornered by the cat. There in the corner by the door cowered the retriever, uttering terrified whimpers,

while on guard sat the tyrant cat. "Never," said the cat's owner, "did a cat more obviously laugh."

It did not attempt to hurt the dog; it is indeed the kindest of creatures, though a great romp. It remained passive as long as the dog rested still and whined; if, however, it attempted to get away, back went the cat's ears, and up rose every hair on its body, causing an instant retreat of the dog and a yet more woe-ful yelp for deliverance. When the cat was called off the dog bounded away, howling as if jumping crackers were at its tail, while the cat, its face the picture of smiling amiability, "positively strutted" with gratified pride.

Darwin would have rejoiced in the scene. He was perhaps the first to assure the world that dogs laugh. One of his illustrious followers supported him, and added that monkeys and certain hyenas laugh, too, while he mentioned that he had made Zoo chimpanzees "roar with laughter" by tickling them. They laughed, he said, till they rolled on the floor with delight, just like a child.

The black dog's tyrant, the cat that chases and bullies its big neighbour for sheer fun, would certainly have found its place in the pages of these two men.

Tsahai, Princess and Nurse

DURING the years, when the Emperor of Ethiopia was living in this country his daughter, Princess Tsahai, underwent training as a nurse at the Great Ormond Street Hospital for Sick Children; and after qualifying as a State Registered Nurse she entered Guy's Hospital for further training.

It was Princess Tsahai's desire to fit herself to lead a movement for modern medical and nursing services in her own land, far away; and when the time came, and Abyssinia had been liberated, she went home to her people, to carry out her mission. Alas, her work came to an end with her death on August 17, 1942, when she was only 22.

Now, in memory of Princess Tsahai, and as a token of good will to her people from the people of Great Britain, an appeal is being made for funds to found a

hospital in Ethiopia, with medical school, library, and ambulance services.

A distinguished company of men and women have endorsed the appeal, and they earnestly hope that gifts, both great and small, will be forthcoming to ensure success for such a worthy scheme; and in particular that universities and schools will help, and that their gifts may be commemorated in some special part of the hospital.

All donations should be sent to Lord Horder, c/o Messrs H Reynolds & Co, 1 Bloomsbury Court, High Holborn, W C 1.

Princesses in fairy tales always have wishes, and so do princesses in real life. But no princess ever had a nobler wish than that her people should be better cared for. That was the wish of Princess Tsahai of Ethiopia—may it come true.

BEDTIME CORNER

THE NESTING HOUR

ROBIN-FRIEND has gone to bed, Littlewing to hide his head; Mother's bird must slumber too, Just as baby robins do. When the stars begin to rise Birds and babies close their eyes.

The Crow and the Nightingale

STAYING up late one night, a young crow heard the nightingale for the first time. He made inquiries, and found that it was a very ordinary-looking brown bird whose song had charmed him so much.

So he sought out the nightingale, and said, "Could you show me how to sing like that?"

"I could show you now, in one lesson," replied the nightingale, "if you will pay my fee."

The crow had brought a good store of ants' eggs and

caterpillars, to which he had been told the singer was extremely partial. The nightingale gave him a very fine private performance in return. "There," he said, "that's how it's done. Quite simple, eh?"

"Quite," said the crow, so satisfied with his lesson that he at once went off and advertised a Grand Concert, to which the whole forest turned up. He made the ridiculous exhibition of himself which was to be expected and was hooted off the stage.

"I can't understand it," he said to himself. "I thought I'd copied that brown bird most carefully—"

It ill becomes us to put on airs.

ALWAYS BE CHEERFUL

NEVER miss a chance to do some good:

Be always in a friendly mood; A cheery word, a kindly smile, Will help folk through a weary mile. David Effaye

MAKING FRIENDS



King Ja-Ja's Money

ONE of our M Ps, Mr Reginald Sorensen, was asking last year about the £11,420 which in 1892 the British Government promised to King Ja-Ja of Opobo, in Nigeria, and to his descendants. The Government has recently admitted the claim.

Behind this inquiry lies a dramatic incident of African life. Ja-Ja had been bought as a child in an Ibo slave market and taken to Bonny. He became a rival of the Chief, and, escaping with his followers, settled at Opobo. There he was attacked by the Chief of Bonny, and was saved only through the intervention of European traders. A treaty was arranged by which Ja-Ja became Chief of Opobo, and "comey" (tribute) was paid to him. Ja-Ja now had full scope for his ability.

In recognition of his services in the Ashanti War, Queen Victoria sent him a sword of honour, and occasionally he acted for the British Consul as arbitrator in tribal disputes, impressing neighbouring chiefs by his standing with the British Government.

In 1881, his war canoes flying the blue ensign to give the impression that he was acting with the Consul's approval, Ja-Ja raided the country of the Kwa Ibos, an independent tribe, and his arrogance and insulting behaviour to Europeans caused the British Consul to ask for his banishment in 1883. A warning was sent to Ja-Ja, but no further action was taken.

Then came more trouble. Merchants trading in palm oil had formed a "pool" and had agreed to give a fixed price. Ja-Ja persuaded one of the firms to withdraw from the agreement, secured the whole trade of the river for it, and boycotted the

others. In addition to this he also began shipping palm oil himself. The Consul decided that "comey" need no longer be paid to Ja-Ja, since he was competing with those who paid it.

By Ja-Ja's orders European merchants were interfered with in every possible way, and he made up-river tribes swear not to trade with Europeans. Eventually, when threatened with a naval expedition, Ja-Ja agreed to allow free trade, although he protested vigorously against the loss of his rights. Ten days later the Consul travelled up-river to find a boom placed in his way and armed warriors menacing him. In this the Consul saw the hand of Ja-Ja, and, forbidding him to trade, telegraphed home for permission to deport him.

Ja-Ja was found guilty of various charges and transported to the West Indies. He was allowed £800 a year from "comey," and after several appeals he was allowed in 1891 to return to his own land. He died on his way home, but his body was brought back to Opobo, escorted up river by the canoes of native chiefs. The funeral ceremonies lasted five weeks, 500 kegs of gunpowder being fired in one day, and jars of rum being poured over his grave.

It seems that the Consul really kidnapped King Ja-Ja and that his action was illegal. The Government of the day agreed to pay compensation between 30 and 50 years later, so the award is really overdue.

TURKISH DELIGHT

A LITTLE book published last year in Ankara, and now making a splash of colour on the Editor's Table, suggests that Turkish children delight in fairy stories just as much as British children; and, moreover, that their fairy stories reward virtue and end happily just as do our own time-honoured tales.

This Turkish story by Tezer Taskiran is called Kendin Sec Daginda (The Mountain of Choose-for-Yourself), and has attractive illustrations by Turgut Zaim, which in some instances reflect the virile, comic art of Walt Disney.

It is a tale of two peasant boys called Isik and Yildiz (Light and Star) who are called by a fairy to a forest on the Mountain of Choose-for-Yourself. There the Bird of Luck and the Bird of Work appear, offering to be their guides, the first promising a life of ease as brilliant as its own plumage, the other only the fruits of bitter toil.

Yildiz chooses the Bird of Luck and is immediately transported to a gorgeous palace. Isik makes the harder choice, and under the wing of the Bird of Work, finds contentment in the forest in the use of his own brain and hands, building his own hut and fashioning his own weapons and tools.

The years pass—of idle luxury on the one hand, of incredible industry on the other. Then comes a winter night when the languid Yildiz is at dinner listening to merry tales. Suddenly the matchless ruby and crystal chandelier above his head falls with a crash upon the table. He sees the walls of his palace cave in, his fawning courtiers desert him. The Bird of Luck has flown!

Poor Yildiz, utterly beggared, helpless, and distraught, makes his way to the protection of Isik, whose modest prosperity reproaches him. With many tears he vows to live a life of work.

There we may leave them, trusting that like most of the heroes of our own fairy tales, they will live happily ever after.

Peada and Penda

The British Museum has bought a gold coin which had been long locked away in a country house in Surrey. No one had been able to read the inscription, but it has now been deciphered as *Peada*, and thus this is the earliest golden coin to bear the name of an English king.

Peada, or Peada as he is generally called, lived in the Midlands, and ruled over Mercia from 655 to 657. When he wished to wed the daughter of Oswy of Northumbria he was compelled to become a Christian, and if Peada is remembered at all today it is as the founder of the Saxon abbey which was transformed by the Normans into Peterborough Cathedral. In this conversion Peada was quite unlike his famous father Penda who could never be turned from his heathen ways. It is probably to Peada that we owe the word penny, for his coins were called *pendings* as those of Offa were known as *oifings*.

Thanks to the Carnegie Trust

EVERY year Scottish students are helped by the Carnegie Trust to make their way through college and university; and every year former students who have attained success pay back their loans with interest—sometimes big interest.

These grants are not really loans, and there is absolutely no obligation to pay back, but Andrew Carnegie, the Dunfermline boy who made a fortune in steel, always emphasised the Scottish feeling of independence and expressed his belief that students who were helped by his Trust would want to repay the help. The last year has been a record one in the history of this great organisation, for no fewer than 82 former students have repaid £4836 to the Trust in appreciation of the help given in their youth, the previous highest being £2606.

The money has come from all over the world, and shows that students who have benefited by the Trust went far and wide to apply the training they received at the four Scots colleges. One sent £500 anonymously through his solicitors; from Rhodesia a member of the Legislature sent £100 in repayment of a £45 grant; another old student sent £50 from Australia to repay advances which had amounted to only £27.

In 40 years the Carnegie Trust has given over £2,000,000 to Scottish students, and never was money better used.

TAKING CARE OF THE EYES

SIR DAVID ROSS, Vice-Chancellor of Oxford University, supporting an appeal for funds to found a department of ophthalmic research at Oxford, spoke truly when he said that the causes of blindness seem to be keeping pace with the attempts to prevent it.

The causes of sight defects are with us from our earliest years, and in this country we have no fewer than 75,000 blind people. Many defects of eyesight, it

seems, are due to nutrition factors, and eye trouble is sometimes the first indication of disease in another part of the body.

Fortunately, the new health measure which the Government is to draft, after the White Paper has been fully considered, promises more adequate eye treatment; but it is to be feared that there are not enough qualified ophthalmic surgeons to do all the work that is needed.

Her teeth are YOUR concern.

Every mother wants her children to grow up with strong, firm white teeth, safe from the danger of decay. The way to make sure of this is by giving the right care when they are young. Dentists advise the use of the one toothpaste containing 'Milk of Magnesia', which corrects acid mouth, so often the cause of dental trouble.

The toothpaste to ask for is Phillips' Dental Magnesia. Train your children to use it night and morning. They love its pleasant, mild flavour.



1/1 and 1/10½



* 'Milk of Magnesia' is the trade mark of Phillips' preparation of magnesia.



Mother! Child's Best Laxative is 'California Syrup of Figs'

Children love the pleasant taste of 'California Syrup of Figs,' and gladly take it even when bilious, feverish, sick or constipated. This laxative regulates the tender little bowels easily and safely. It sweetens the stomach and moves the bowels without cramping or over-acting.

Millions of mothers depend upon this gentle, harmless laxative.

Tell your chemist you want 'California Syrup of Figs,' which has full directions for babies and children of all ages.

Obtainable everywhere at 1/4 and 2/6.



Good, pure, delicious food. A treat to eat—and easily digested.

Baked by Good Bakers everywhere

Enquiries to: MONTGOMERIE & CO. LTD. IBROX, GLASGOW

SELF-CONTAINED

"WHAT is this?" queried Father.
"Cottage pie," said Mother,
"but it failed to rise."
"Then let's call it flat pie,"
suggested bright Bobby.

Geographical Riddles

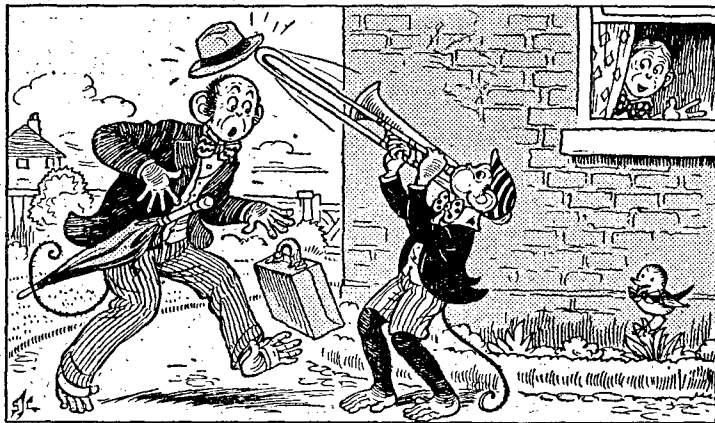
WHAT American State is round
at both ends and high in
the middle? *Ohio.*

Which English river is the
coldest? *Isis (ice is).*

Why is the isthmus of Suez like
the first u in cucumber? *Because
it is between two seas.*

Which was the largest island in
the world before Australia was
discovered? *Australia.*

Jacko Strikes a New Note



JACKO had become a very keen trombone player, though still very much
a learner, and much to Mrs Jacko's disgust he was continually practising
on his instrument at home. One evening she could stand it no longer and
said: "If you want to play that thing you must go outside." So out Jacko
went, continuing to grapple with his favourite tune. Suddenly Mr Jacko
came strolling round the corner, and to his consternation had his hat knocked
clean off his head. "It was only an accident," explained Jacko. But he
tromboned no more that night.

Kingcups and Daisies

IF all the kingcups and all the
daisies
That grow on hill and lea
Were suddenly turned to gold
and silver
How poor the world would be!

A DOMINO TRICK

HERE is a simple yet mystifying
domino trick. Take fifteen
dominoes and lay them in a row
face downwards, with the double
six at the extreme left, the six-
five next, and so on, so that the
total of points on each domino
becomes one less until you come
to the double blank, which will
be the thirteenth domino in the
row. After this you place two
more of any value remaining.
This arrangement is known only
to you. Now ask somebody
to remove any number of
dominoes up to twelve from the
right of the row and place them
on the left in your absence. On
your return you will show, by
picking up a domino, how many
have been moved.

Here is the secret. The third
domino from the right will
always tell you how many have
been moved. Thus, if four have
been moved the number of points
on the third domino from the
right will be found to be four,
and so on.

SHORTHAND

DUTTON ONE-WEEK SHORT-
HAND is accepted by the Services
and examining bodies. Learnt in 12
2-hour lessons. Send 3d. Stamps for
First Lesson. Write Dept. C.N.,
92-3, Great Russell St., W.C.1.

IN ONE WEEK

THE BRAN TUB

Nature News

THOUGH a few pairs of hooded
crows remain in Scotland
and Ireland all the year, most of
these birds are now flying
farther north until autumn
comes again. One of the earliest
migrants to arrive is the little
wheatear, about the size of a
robin, which comes to Britain for
the nesting season. The house
spider now emerges from its web,
and the small white butterfly
makes its appearance in gardens
and hedgerows.

A DAMP AFFAIR

TWO quarrelsome fellows of
Ewell
Once settled their feud by a duel.
Two long garden hose
Were the weapons they chose
For firearms, they said, were too
cruel.

Parodied Proverbs

THIS is an amusing game which
can be played at any time.
Allot one common proverb to
each player who must make a
parody of it, taking care that
new words have some relation in
sound to those replaced. For
example:

A bird in the hand is worth two
in the bush.

A hair on the head is worth two
in the brush.

One swallow does not make a
summer.

One swallow does not make a
supper.

The Perfect Friend

IF you want the perfect friend,
True as steel unto the end,
One who'll make your mood his
own,
Guess it from your lightest tone,
Gladly share your chaff and fun
From the rise to set of sun
(But when thoughts of care arise
Quickly know and sympathise);
One who, though you do him
wrong,
Never sulks, and grieves not
long;
One who holds his tongue al-
though
Others say I told you so;
One who keeps your secrets well
(Threat and bribe can't make
him tell);
One who'll trust you, come what
may,
Flinch not through the longest
day,
True through rain and snow and
fog,
You must go and buy a dog.

A Fish's Smoke-Screen

THE cuttle-fish swims backward
in rapid jerks by expelling
water forcibly from its gill cavity,
and as it does so ejects into the
water a dense cloud of inky fluid,
which conceals its whereabouts.

RULE FOR LIVING

FOR all your days prepare;
And meet them ever alike;
When you are the anvil, Bear;
When you are the hammer,
Strike. Edwin Markham

The Children's Hour

Here are details of the BBC
broadcasts for Wednesday, March
8, to Tuesday, March 14.

WEDNESDAY, 5.20 A story for the
Youngest Listeners (The Weather
House, by Marion Lochhead), told
by Meg Buchanan; followed by
Pipe Tunes played by the Band of
the No 497 (Motherwell) Squadron,
ATC; and Truthful Tam—
Number 2, An Unusual Affair at
Sea, by Harold S. Stewart. 6.55
Children's Hour Prayers.

THURSDAY, 5.20 Come to China;
a programme of music and verse.

FRIDAY, 5.20 A story of Little
Brown Tala, by May Wynne; fol-
lowed by John Buchan's The
Thirty-Nine Steps. Conclusion:
The Final Round.

A Garden Hint

WHEN cutting a broccoli most
people remove the whole
of the plant. You will get a
second one on the same stump
if you leave several of the outer
leaves and also one or two small
pieces of the white part toward
the lower portion of the plant.
These will swell in size till a
broccoli almost as big as the first
one is the result.

A MARCH MIRACLE

EVERY March the beautiful
antlers of the stag drop off
and in a few weeks new ones
begin to grow. At the end of
two months the new structure is
complete, but has a lovely velvety
covering which must be rubbed
off by scraping against trees or
any hard object.

Each year new growths are
added until at maturity a stag
may have as many as sixteen
points to its antlers.

OPPORTUNITY

MOTHER: Never put off till
tomorrow what you can
do today.

JACK: Then, Mother, let us
start eating my birthday cake
tonight.

A Sea Dictionary

HERE is the history of eight
little words:

Hurricane, Hammock, Canoe
Words brought from the West
Indies by Elizabethan seamen.

Breeze

A Spanish word originally used
for north-east winds.

Admiral

A word used by the Arabs when
they obtained sea supremacy
after Byzantium.

Brigantine, Frigate, Pinnace

Italian words introduced from
the Dutch by William the Third.

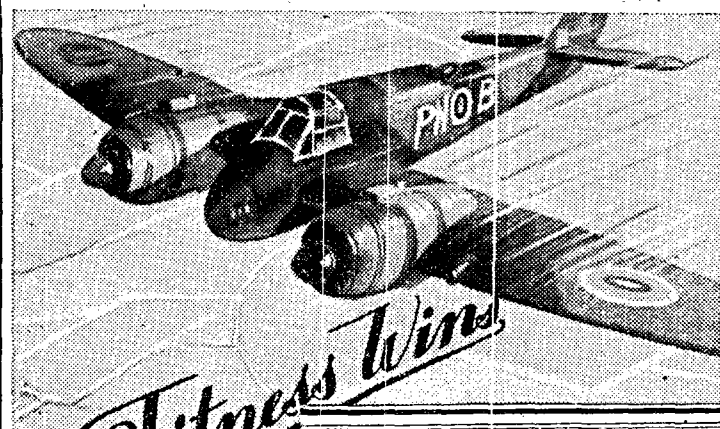
| | |
|-------|-------|
| LEARN | DUB |
| ARD | OPERA |
| TAEL | ANNA |
| IS | AILS |
| WEST | AERO |
| HEAT | AT |
| BOON | EMIT |
| EARTH | USE |
| ERE | ADDER |

LAST WEEK'S
ANSWERS

What Are Their
Names?

Michael, Shirley,
Thomas, Pamela.

A Leap Year
Changing
Leap, Rear, Rear,
Year.



SUCCESS in schoolwork and
games depends very largely
upon your physical fitness—and
fitness depends upon proper
nourishment and proper sleep.

A simple way to ensure that your
diet is complete in health-giving
nourishment is to make delicious
'Ovaltine' your regular daily
beverage. 'Ovaltine' is a scienti-
fically perfect food which provides
the nutritive elements required
to build up body, brain and nerves
to the highest efficiency.

'Ovaltine' was regularly carried
by record-breaking airmen in peace-
time long-distance flights, and was
relied upon to build up reserves of
strength, vitality and stamina.

A cup of 'Ovaltine' taken at bed-
time will help to give you restful
and restorative sleep, so that you
wake up in the morning with new
strength and vigour.

On the advice of their Squadron Medical
Officer many wartime Pilots drink
'Ovaltine' every night on retiring, to
ensure a good night's sleep.

'Ovaltine' is easily prepared. If
milk is not available, water can be
used as 'Ovaltine' itself contains
milk. Remember also that 'Oval-
tine' is naturally sweet, so that
there is no need to add sugar.

Drink
delicious

Ovaltine
for Health, Strength & Vitality